

God Loves Me

Toosii

Forgive me, I was sinning
But we still winning
My first thirty K, I spent it at the dentist
I got tired of frowning 'bout my sad life
My bad life, I'm grinning
When the Lamb' truck pull of and it go skrrt, they know how I'm living
I been at it for a minute
Adamant my feelings
How you mad about my feelings?
I'm the one who was the realest
Off this rap, made a killing
I done seen too many killings
I done seen too many chicks that double back and I don't feel it
I don't feel it all
I know they mad that we ball
I'm claustrophobic, around with too many feel like I'm trapped in the stall
And I'm a extrovert I'd rather be trapped in the wall
I'm from the trenches where my granny always prayed for us all
I say a prayer like, "Lord, please protect me from the evil"
You know I'm a empath, I be reading through people
I don't think I'm better than no one, I think we equal
And the firearms I tote, they all legal
You know I be praying for my health
And I'm praying for my wealth
So I go hard, pray the label just don't put me on the shelf
Got a son that's on the way, I got a lot under my belt
And he ain't here yet
When he here won't ask me, "Is we there yet?"
I could've shed tears to this one
I think they gon' feel for this one
Oh
Everyday I wake up pray for better days
One thing that I know, God love me more than he did yesterday

Tryna invest in condominiums
Chickens tryna find out what's the condom size
Other ones pop up with babies, how? When I was condomized?
Before my lady now, I never met one that was down to ride
Baby momma, she the only one, these other chicks be lying
I done been through way too much
Pray the Lord gon' wait for us
'Cause where we from it's dangerous
Pray they don't play with us
And I'll never tell the war stories 'bout what we did
I'm just glad I don't look like what I been through and look how we live
Roof over my ceiling, I'ma have tuition paid for all my kids
My nephew daddy locked up, gotta do a bid
I'ma treat 'em like my kid
Say if I pray it be okay
Some things that I go through, like no way
Not tryna go back to the old days
Know they want me back to my old ways
Won't treat me like I'm no slave
We'll bring it straight to your door just like we Postmates
Fell out with one of my partners, now we post-mates
Then I fell in with his girl, she think we close mates
Know the devil always plottin'

They don't like my swag, they try to say that I be cocky
I've been eating, getting stocky
For the things that we done did and we can't get away
One thing that I know, God love me more than he did yesterday